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**WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHAR-
ACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS
ETC.**

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PRESENTED BY
JUDGE and MRS. ISAAC R. HITT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
No. VI- 1936

THE MINOR DRAMA.

HIS LAST LEGS,

A Farce

IN TWO ACTS

BY WILLIAM BAYLE BERNARD,

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHAR-
ACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS
ETC.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH.
122 NASSAU STREET, (Up Stairs.)

5187-7

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Haymarket, 1839.</i>	<i>Park, 1847.</i>
<i>O'Callaghan</i>	• Mr. Power.	Mr. Collins.
<i>Charles</i> - -	- " Walter Lacy.	" A. Andrews
<i>Rivers</i> - -	- " Strickland.	" Fisher.
<i>Dr. Banks</i> -	- " Gough	" Andrews.
<i>John</i> - -		" Gallot.
<i>Mrs. Montague</i> -	- Mrs. W. Clifford.	Mrs. Dyott.
<i>Julia</i> - -	- Miss Travers.	Miss Kate Horn.
<i>Mrs. Banks</i> -	- Mrs. Gallot.	Mrs. Burrows.

COSTUMES.

O'CALLAGHAN.—Black coat, buttoned up, black pantaloons, Hessian boots, shabby hat, linen mantle, and thick stick.

CHARLES.—Green frock, light drab trousers, white waistcoat, &c.

RIVERS.—Nankeen coat, breeches, and gaiters.

DR. BANKS.—A suit of black.

JOHN.—Livery.

MRS. MONTAGUE.—A lilac silk gown, cap, &c.

JULIA.—White muslin frock.

MRS. BANKS.—Brown silk dress.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE farce of "*His Last Legs*," like most other of Mr. Bernard's dramatic productions, is destined for a long career of public favour. The part of *O'Callaghan* was written for the late Tyrone Power, and by him of course admirably personified; as recently enacted in New York by Mr. Collins, the performance left us nothing to desire. It was peculiarly suited to that gentleman's powers. In some characters Power was unapproachable, but if we could divest ourselves of the prejudice which we have obtained in favour of that lamented actor, we should perhaps be compelled to acknowledge, that in *O'Callaghan* Mr. Collins is little, if any, his inferior. He was evidently quite at home in the part, and looked and acted it as though he were the very hero himself. The character of *O'Callaghan* is well drawn (allowing of course for the usual exaggeration in afterpieces) the situations quite embarrassing enough for any but an Irishman to parry off or blunder through; and the dialogue is full of very neat play upon phrases and words. The piece has also the great merit, that whilst the hero is continually before the audience, the subordinate characters are enabled to stand forth with a due degree of vitality, and elicit the powers of respectable artists.

This piece was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 15th of October, 1839, the cast of which we give on the next page. It was highly successful, as may well be imagined, and has ever since continued to be a favourite, both with the public and the delineators of Irish characters. It was first performed in this country at Mitchell's Olympic, on the 6th of April, 1840 Mr. S. Johnson being the *O'Callaghan*.—It generally occupies one hour and twenty minutes in the representation.



HIS LAST LEGS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in a country town. An Academy stands R. S. E., with sign near door, "Birch's Classical Academy."—A Milliner's Shop stands L. S. E.*

Enter CHARLES RIVERS, with MRS. MONTAGUE and MISS BANKS, R.

Cha. Well, aunt, here is your milliner's; and there, I see her peeping through her window, in hopes of a call.

Mrs. M. Well, then, will you join me in my visit?

Cha. Why, really, as I am not the slightest judge of bonnets—

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] You think that an excuse to get a tête-a-tête with Julia.—Very well: you know I'm not ill-natured; so, Julia dear, you can take a turn with Mr. Rivers whilst I step in. I won't be long. [*Exit into milliner's.*]

Cha. And this, Julia, is our last walk together, because my father has set his heart on my getting a degree. I must return to college this very night. Willy, willy, I must part with you, and go back to Greek and Latin—

Jul. To make *me* happy, as well as him.

Cha. You happy?

Jul. Who, living under his roof, and treated with every kindness, cannot abuse his confidence by—

Cha. And is there any need you should? Have I not said I'd tell him every thing?

Jul. Still, you must remember there's another to consult

Cha. Your mother, whom you expect from town to-morrow.

Jul. But only to remain a few days, as we then set out for France.

Cha. For France?

Jul. When our stay from England will be quite uncertain.

Cha. But what's the cause of this?

Jul. It relates to my poor father.

Cha. Indeed!

Jul. You are aware, that, owing to an unfounded jealousy, he separated from my mother ten years since, and went abroad.

Cha. I have heard so.

Jul. We have lately been informed that his health is declining; and, of course, as we are anxious to be reconciled, my mother is resolved to go in search of him, when, if we should be so fortunate as to accomplish our desire—

Cha. You'll sit down by his side, and marry, perhaps, some one of his choosing.

Jul. Of course he'd claim a voice in my disposal.

Cha. Whilst mine would be forgotten—I see it all. If you leave me now, we part for ever! My mind's resolved—I'll not leave home to-night.

Jul. No!

Cha. No. I'll not stir till I have seen your mother, and obtained from her a pledge that my happiness shall be considered.

Jul. But how is that possible, when your father is so imperative?

Cha. Why, if *force* wont do, I'll try a little stratagem.

Jul. A stratagem!

Cha. Yes: I have always one resource. You know ours is an old family, and I'm an only son; consequently he's always rather scared if anything's the matter with me. Now I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll have *a fit of illness*.

Jul. A fit of illness!

Cha. Yes, right off. I used to be troubled with a swimming in the head—I'll have an attack as we go home; then I shall be carried up to bed, a physician will be sent for—

Jul. And your artifice detected.

Cha. Not so: our doctor's a deuced good old fellow—I'll let him into the secret; he'll recommend that I don't stir for a week; and in that time, Julia, I may see your mother, and—

Jul. I cannot hope it will succeed; and if it should be discovered—

Cha. Well, then father can't complain. He wants me to become a Master of Arts, and he'll see I've some proficiency already. But here comes my aunt!—now, not a word!

Re-enter MRS. MONTAGUE from the Milliner's.

Mrs. M. Well, have you been walking?

Cha. Yes, we've taken a turn or two, and—

Mrs. M. And what has this pretty youth been saying to you, Julia? If it's any nonsense, don't believe him—he's an arrant flirt.

Cha. I beg your pardon, aunt—I think flirting a great waste of time.

Mrs. M. Do you, Mr. Moralist? And yet I can recollect how you wasted it at Cheltenham.

Cha. Nearly as much as you did there before me; do you think I've never heard how you went on with a Mr. O'Callaghan?

Mrs. M. Oh, nonsense!

Cha. It was no nonsense then, for you know you'd have married him if it hadn't been for grandfather.

Jul. (r.) Why, I've never heard of this!

Cha. (c.) Havn't you? Oh, I'll tell you all about it.

Mrs. M. Really, Charles, I wish you'd hold your tongue.

Cha. You must know, this Mr. O'Callaghan was the reigning star of Cheltenham—kept his hounds and horses, and, amongst other proofs of his good taste, fell in love with my aunt. Her father, however, wishing her to have a man in Scotland, whipped her away, and soon after, her gay Irish swain having spent all his fortune—

Mrs. M. Went over to France, and soon after *died* there. Now you've heard the whole story. [*A coach-horn is heard outside, r.*] Eh!—why, that's the London coach. Come, Come, Charles, they'll be waiting dinner; you know you start for Cambridge at eight.

Cha. [*Aside.*] Do I, aunt!—don't be so sure of that. Not a bad hint, though; my disorder ought to be commencing. I'll give her a few symptoms.

Mrs. M. Now, don't delay; you know how your father dislikes to be kept waiting. Eh! why, what's the matter?

Cha. [*Shaking his head.*] Why, really I don't know, but I've a very odd feeling in my head—a sort of swimming!

Mrs. M. Good heavens, I hope not.

Cha. Yes, everything is turning round. It really seems, now, as if the pump there was having a waltz with the workhouse.

Mrs. M. Will you go in somewhere and sit down?

Cha. No, I'd rather go home—that is, if I am able.

Mrs. M. Then walk slowly, and lean on me, Charles.

Cha. Thank you, aunt—thank you. I dare say I shall be better by and by. I have no doubt that by eight o'clock I shall be quite restored; [*Aside.*] don't you, Julia?

[*Exeunt, L., Charles leaning on Mrs. M., and looking tenderly at Miss B.*]

Enter DR. BANKS, R.

Dr. B. Yes, I can't be mistaken, though 'tis ten years since we parted—it must be she—my own sweet child! Now, how to fulfil my object—to separate her from her mother, and take her back with me to France! I can't use force—my hope rests solely on persuasion. Luckily, I find that she's alone here on a visit; my plan, then, is to see her privately, and throw myself on her affection; but how can this be done? I want some friend to help me—some one who will take a letter to her, and procure an interview.

[*O'Callaghan heard without.*]

O'Cal. Oh, that's the house, is it?—thank ye, sir.

Dr. B. Eh! who's this coming?—my Irish fellow-passenger.

O'CALLAGHAN enters, R., in a shabby genteel suit, dusty &c., travelling.

O'Cal. So, then, my journey's at an end, and here's my destination—"Birch's Classical Academy."

Dr. B. Good day again, sir.

O'Cal. Ah, sir, your servant. Do you proceed with the coach, or—

Dr. B. No, sir, I think of staying here a day or two.

O'Cal. You do? Well, that's odd enough. Do you know, sir, that's my case; I like to go somewhere for the summer, and as London just now happens to be too hot to hold me—

Dr. B. You've friends here, I presume.

O'Cal. Yes, sir, a liberal one. [*Looking at the Academy.*]
A gentleman who opens his doors to all classes.

Dr. B. Indeed!—one of the Old School?

O'Cal. Yes, sir, a very old school. [*Aside.*] Established
a century!

Dr. B. Do you know, sir, I think I've had the pleasure
of seeing you before. Your name, I believe, is—

O'Cal. O'Callaghen, sir—Felix O'Callaghan, of Kilmoney
Abbey—[*aside*—some years ago.

Dr. B. O'Callagha'ri! Any connection with the army?

O'Cal. No, sir, though I've had some knowledge of the
Fleet.

Dr. B. [*Aside.*] I wonder if this person would assist
me; he's evidently poor, and I think good tempered.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] There's a cut about my friend here that
puzzles me. He's too well dressed for a thief, and too mel-
ancholy for a bailiff.

Dr. B. Perhaps, sir, if you're not engaged, you'll dine
with me to-day?

O'Cal. Really, sir, I thank you, but the fact is, I am en-
gaged. I came here on a trifling business, and—

Dr. B. The task you've undertaken is—

O'Cal. Not to undertake tasks, but to set them.

Dr. B. To set them?

O'Cal. Yes, sir. I dare say, now, you wouldn't guess
my profession?

Dr. B. I confess, sir, I am at a loss.

O'Cal. Of course, sir, you're aware of the great interest
just now on the subject of education?

Dr. B. Yes, sir.

O'Cal. Well, sir, you must know, then, that, partaking
in the philanthropic spirit of the times, I have resolved to
devote myself to the welfare of youth. I have come here,
sir, to teach reading and writing, and a correct accent in
English, to the rising generation, in this temple of Mi-
nerva.

Dr. B. Why, I never should have thought it.

O'Cal. I dare say not, sir. I've no doubt I look as if I
had more to do with the *sinking* generation than the rising.

Dr. B. Why, really, sir, if I may be allowed to say,
it—

O'Cal. Of course—of course. The fact is, sir, you see before you one of the unluckiest devils going. Talk of being born under an evil star!—I think mine was a *fired* one. For the last dozen years, sir, I've been the football of Fortune, and not a gutter could she find that I haven't been kicked into.

Dr. B. Then I presume, sir, you were once well off.

O'Cal. Well off, sir? I had one of the best estates in Ireland—I had as fine a set of tradesmen as a man could be born to—I had a tailor, and a stable-keeper, and butcher, and baker, that hadn't been paid since the death of my grandfather! It was utterly impossible to be in asier circumstances; but to show you the doom, sir, that from my boyhood hung over me, one of them chose to die, and another to hang himself, till at last, sir, they left me in a state of destitution. Yes, sir, they had the cruelty to lave me to get my *own* living, after leading me to think that they'd keep me all my days, and even *bury* me afterwards.

Dr. B. That was unfortunate.

O'Cal. It was, sir. After that I was reduced to the disgrace of living on my wits, and, by my honour, I found them a worse stock than South American shares. Would you believe it, sir, that I've tried a hundred schemes for a living, and not one of 'em's answered. I've failed, sir, as often as the most flourishing tradesman! Call Fortune inconstant!—by my honour, sir, she's been as constant to me as a thunder-storm in the tropics. I'll give you a proof, sir. I wrote a book upon charity, which lodged me in prison. I invented a steam-engine, which scalded all my shareholders. And I opened a ball-room at a watering-place in the year it had the cholera! At last, sir, finding that, like corn in a sack, with every shake I got lower, I resolved to give up the struggle, and bury myself in some calm country nook; when, happening to see an advertisement from a school in this village—

Dr. B. You're now become its teacher.

O'Cal. Yes, sir. This is the age of revolutions, and you now see mine—a fellow who once set examples to dandies, destined henceforward to set copies to boys!

Dr. B. [*Aside.*] This is the very person for my purpose. Well, sir, I sympathise in your reverses, and shall be hap-

py, when you're settled, if you'll oblige me with a call. I shall be staying at the inn.

O'Cal. Sir, I shall be most happy.

Dr. B. There's my card, if you should ever go to Paris. [*Gives it.*] And perhaps I shall have the pleasure of seeing you this evening. [*Aside.*] The very man for me!—he wants money, and he has address.

[*Goes off, L.* *O'Callaghan looks at the card.*

O'Cal. Dr. Banks, No. 15, Rue de la Victoire, Paris!" A very civil old gentleman! Well, then, now for my new abode! I must put myself to rights, though. My wardrobe's in a very delicate state of health, and a brush would just now be a dangerous cathartic. I was obliged to have my coat turned for this journey; though that I didn't mind—I'm not the first man that's turned his coat to get into office. My trousers I resuscitated with a bottle of "Scott's Reviver"—that's what I call being reduced to a *dyer* necessity. Come, now, that will do; and I hope they haven't done dinner. My ride from London has given me an appetite; I feel as if I could illustrate a lecture on geology—show the beauty of the system of one layer upon another. [*Knocks at door in R. F.*] And this is my future home. These hallowed cells—

"Where ever-musing Meditation dwells!"

Welcome, then, thrice welcome to ye, venerable pile! To your calm shades, like the Roman of old, do I retreat from contention. Like another Cincinnatus, I turn my back on the capital, and say, "Fortune, thou Janus, I defy thee for the future!" [*Servant opens the door. He goes in*

JOHN runs in L.

John. Here's a pretty business!—my young master taken ill, and no doctor to be found. I've been to our surgeon, and he's been called away to Cambridge; what's to be done!—there's only an apothecary besides in the village. Well, I must run to him—I can't return without assistance. Dear, dear! was ever anything so cruel!

[*Runs off, L.*

O'CALLAGHAN comes from Academy, followed by THOMAS

O'Cal. I tell you, sir, you're wrong—it can't be.

Tho. Indeed, it's true sir—our new usher arrived yesterday.

O'Cal. But I tell you, sir, I'm the man!—I answered the advertisement, and accepted the terms.

Tho. Yes, sir, but I think I heard my master say you didn't reply by the time he mentioned; so, as the school opened to-day, and he couldn't wait—

O'Cal. Then you mean to tell me, that after coming down here, fifty miles from London, I find another man in my shoes?

Tho. I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir.

O'Cal. Sorry, sir!

Tho. It's all owing to a mistake, sir.

O'Cal. Mistake!—it's an insult; and if your master was a gentleman—How will he dare show his face to me at dinner?

Tho. At dinner, sir?

O'Cal. Yes, sir; how will he have the face even to ask me to sleep here?

Tho. To sleep here, sir?

O'Cal. Yes, sir, of course he's got a bed for me.

Tho. Indeed he hasn't, sir; we haven't room to cram a satchell in.

O'Cal. Then where am I to go?

Tho. You'll get a good bed at the Inn, sir.

O'Cal. The inn, sir! Divil burn it, do you take me for Cræsus, sir?—who's to pay the inn, sir? I insist on staying here. Where is your master?

Tho. I said he was from home, sir.

O'Cal. Not at home!

Tho. No, sir.

O'Cal. And where's he gone to?

Tho. He's gone to York, sir, and won't be back till Christmas. [*Goes in and shuts door in flat, R.*]

O'Cal. The unnatural old villain!—to turn me off in this way upon the dirtiest quibble, and even refuse me a mouthful of dinner! I'll go bail, now, that that fellow would skin a flint for a living, and make soup of the shavings. By my soul, if I could find him, I'd set his boys a copy!—I'd rule his back with my stick from the neck to the crupper, and write rogue in round-text between every line of it. So, then, after all my hopes and trouble, I've

failed again! I thought I'd come to the worst, when I consented to turn ajckass among this fellow's chickens but no, Felix, my friend—even this was too good for you! What the devil's to be done? Here am I, in a strange place, at the close of day, with only one and ninepence in my pocket—one shilling and one ninepence—the sole survivors of the last respected sovereign that reigned in my dominions!

Re-enter JOHN, hastily, L.

John. What will be done!—the apothecary's ill in bed with rheumatism; he can't be moved upon a litter.

[*Crosses, R.*

O'Cal. Only this?—why, it wouldn't pay for the loan of a toothpick!

John. If he doesn't get assistance he'll be dead before the morning.

O'Cal. What can be bought with one shilling and one ninepence!

John. Master, I know, would give a hundred pounds.

O'Cal. [*Turning.*] A hundred pounds!—for what!

John. A doctor, sir; young Mr. Rivers has been taken ill. Our physician is from home, and—Eh! who's that going into his house?—perhaps he's come back; I'll run and see.

[*Runs off, R.*

O'Cal. A hundred pounds!—is there so much money in the world?—and for a doctor! a fellow whose business is to play chequers with the nation. The game with his fraternity is, who'll move off the most. By my honour, I think, if there's one delusion going that's greater than another, it's what they call *doctoring*, which I take to be the art of amusing a patient while Nature performs the cure. A hundred pounds for one, and no one to be found! I wonder if *I* could be of any use here!—I know something of horse-doctoring, if that would do; and I always carry about me a case of surgical instruments—a jack knife with seven blades. [*Takes it out.*] Let me reflect. I've tried a hundred schemes, for which I was well qualified, and every one has failed!—who knows, now, if I were to try one of which *I know nothing*, but what I should suc-

Re-enter JOHN, R.

John. (R.) No, it was not him!—he'll not be back till midnight.

O'Cal. [Aside, L.] For a feel of his pulse, and a shake of my head, I might get a fee that would take me back to London.

John. My poor young master!—then there's no hope for him!

O'Cal. Young man, I'm a stranger here; but if *I* can be of any service—

John. What, sir! are you a doctor?

O'Cal. Why, I *profess* medicine. [*Aside.*] And that's true enough, as I know nothing about it.

John. And will you come with me, sir?

O'Cal. Of course I will. I'll see your master; but remember—I don't say I can do him any good.

John. But you'll try, sir?

O'Cal. To be sure I will—I'll try.

John. Well, sir, no one can do more.

O'Cal. Of course not; and in my case, [*aside*] no one can do less. Well, then, you may run on and announce me. Stop—[*He pauses—John runs off at back and turns.*] What urges me to undertake this step?—what, but the source of all great undertakings—hunger! Arts, books, and revolutions—all have owed their origin, not to the heart or brain, but to the stomach!—*ergo*, I have the warrant of all the sages of antiquity!

John. Now, sir—don't stay, for heaven's sake! My master may be half dead.

O'Cal. [Aside.] And if he isn't, I am. So, go along, young man; I'm sure of one thing—if I don't cure his complaint, I shall mine. [*Follows John off, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber at Mr. Rivers's.*—MRS. MONTAGUE, R., and CHARLES reclining on a sofa, c., discovered—*A table with writing materials, L.*

Enter RIVERS, L.

Riv. How is he now, Lyddy?

Mrs. M. Why, not in so much pain, I think but still very restless.

Riv. (l.) It's really most surprising—he was quite well this morning—swallowed a breakfast for a ploughman: half-a-dozen eggs, nearly a pound of ham, and I think a quart of coffee.

Mrs. M. He first complained as we were about to leave the village, gradually grew worse as we crossed the fields, and when we reached the door—

[Charles groans and kicks—they run to him.]

Cha. Oh!

Riv. Poor boy—what suffering he's in; that scoundrel of a John to stay so; and that brute of a doctor!

Mrs. M. Charles, are you better now?—tell us where your pain is.

Cha. Why, aunt, just at present there's a gnawing sensation here—another there—and now, the spasm comes again—oh!

Riv. My poor dear boy!

BETTY runs in, l.

Bet. John has come back, sir, but he has brought a stranger with him.

Riv. A stranger?

Bet. Yes, sir, a gentleman from London.

Riv. Why, who can it be? Lyddy, try to compose Charles a little, whilst I go and see him. *[Exit, l.]*

Mrs. M. Your head aches still, Charles—here's some more Eau-de-Cologne. Eh! no, I've emptied the bottle. Betty, run up to my room, and in the drawer nearest to the window—stay, I'll go for it myself; do you stay and watch him. *[Exit, r.]*

Bet. I stay and watch him—I had much rather not. I never had courage to turn nurse, or I might have had a charming situation in a small-pox hospital. Suppose, now, he should go out of his mind?—he looks very strange. Why, he's getting up—he's going to spring at me—Here! murder! help! *[She runs off, l. He jumps up laughing.]*

Cha. Ha! ha! Victory, victory! Was ever father and cousin, and faithful maid servant, so finely bamboozled. Well, my first point's gained. I shan't leave home to-night; the question is, shall I remain over to-morrow?—that depends upon the doctor, and I think there's no fear of his consent, when I have once explain

ed my secret. Eh! there's some one coming, I must back to my sofa—I must have a *relapse*.

[*Throws himself on the sofa and begins to kick—RIVERS returns with O'CALLAGHAN, L.*]

Riv. Here's your patient, sir; and as I stated to you, the attack has been most sudden—he was quite well this morning, and—[*O'Callaghan goes up to Charles and feels his pulse.*] Rather an odd looking man, and a stranger. I should be cautious—but then, what have looks to do with talents? If we judged nuts by their shells, who, pray, would crack them? [*O'Callaghan comes down, R., and looks gravely at Rivers.*] Well, sir, what's your opinion?

O'Cal. May I ask, sir, if that young gentleman is your only son?

Riv. He is, sir.

O'Cal. I regret to hear it. May I ask if he has a mother, sir?

Riv. No, sir, she has been dead some years.

O'Cal. Well, I'm glad to hear *that*.

Riv. Why glad, sir?

O'Cal. Why, sir, painful as the task may be, I feel I should be wanting in my duty if I did not acquaint you, that—

Riv. Good heavens! do you mean to say there's any danger?

O'Cal. There's more than danger, sir.

Riv. Is it possible!

O'Cal. That amiable young man, sir, cannot exist six hours.

Cha. [*Lifting his head.*] What's that?

Riv. But what's his complaint, sir?

O'Cal. Why, sir, I confess that puzzles me. I can't say I ever saw it before, but I can explain its origin. It's what we call a *febrifuge*—that is, you see, the pineal gland having been morbidly excited by the peritoneum ducts, a contractility has ensued of the cellular tissue of the cavernous membrane; you understand me?

Riv. Perfectly.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Then you are a wiser man than I am.—This, you see, sir, must be fatal unless instantly checked: however, my treatment's very decided, so I shall proceed to bleed him, sir, and you will oblige me by ordering up a tub.

Cha. A tub!

O'Cal. When I have relieved him of a gallon or two, I shall shave his head, apply a blister to his back and stomach, and then with a draught every hour, and a dozen leeches to his eyelids, I think he may do.

Cha. Do! yes, I shall do, for a coffin.

Riv. This draught, sir, of course, must be obtained directly. There's paper on the table, will you write for it?

O'Cal. I will, sir. [*Sits at the table and writes, R.*] So far, so well; now for the prescription.

Rivers. [*Aside.*] His treatment is decided, certainly. Why, he talks of taking blood from a man like beer from a vat.

O'Cal. [*Rising with paper.*] There, I think that it is in the usual style. [*Reads it.*] "*Cal—Sen—Sas—Hydrarg—Pil—three snakes' tails and a lot of triangles.*" To be sure, the apothecary won't be able to read it, but so much the better, then; for once in his life, he can't do any mischief.—There, sir, you'll get that made up as soon as possible.

Riv. In half an hour, sir—my servant shall go with it on horseback—here, Robin, John! [*Exit, L. Charles rises.*]

Cha. Now, I think it's time to put a stop to this murder, sir.

O'Cal. What's this!

Cha. You'll allow me to acquaint you, that—

O'Cal. Not indisposed?

Cha. (R.) Yes, sir, I *am* indisposed to undergo your treatment. I'll not trouble you to take away a gallon of my blood, nor do I think it would improve my personal appearance to have twenty leeches hanging to my eyelids.

O'Cal. Then I've been *imposed* upon.

Cha. Why, of course, I don't deny I've deceived you, but if you'll allow me to state the cause—

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Phew! here's a deliverance.

[*Crosses to R.*]

Cha. I'm sure you'll see the necessity, and—

O'Cal. Then, in few words, sir, for some purpose of your own, you have presumed to trifle with your friends, and offer this insult to a member of the faculty?

Cha. Insult, sir—I meant no insult, sir.

O'Cal. But you have done it, sir—you have chosen to

bring into contempt one of the most respectable professions. I have but one reply,—to call in your father, expose your conduct, and—

Cha. No, no; for heaven's sake, sir; I'm sure, when you know the reason of my artifice, you will pity and forgive it. It was a last resource to preserve my happiness—to remain near a lovely and devoted girl, who is about to leave the country.

O'Cal. But what is this to me, sir; you have brought me here, a perfect stranger, wasted my time, trifled with my feelings—

Cha. And do you think without a view of recompense? If twenty guineas will be any compensation—

O'Cal. Twenty guineas!

Cha. I offer it with pleasure.

O'Cal. Well, sir, since you throw yourself upon my humanity—

Cha. Exactly so.

O'Cal. Since you confide in my feelings, and have not scrupled to disclose to me your secret—

Cha. Yes, sir.

O'Cal. I feel I should respond to your appeal by imparting to you a secret in reply.

Cha. Indeed!

O'Cal. You've assured me, on your honour, that you're no sick man?

Cha. No, sir.

O'Cal. Allow me, then, in the strictest confidence, to acquaint you in return, that I'm no doctor!

Cha. What's that?

O'Cal. But, on the contrary, a patient like yourself, who has undergone a deal of bad treatment.

Cha. Then what brought you here, sir?

O'Cal. Ah! there my object was medical enough—I came for a fee.

Cha. And you have had the impudence to torture my feelings and impose upon my respected parent!

O'Cal. Why, on the point of impudence, I really don't think we should be vain on either side.

Cha. I'm thunderstruck!

O'Cal. Well, sir, if your keen sense of morality is so greatly outraged, of course, I'll leave the house, and—

Cha. No, no; I didn't say that; but—ha! ha! upon my word, it's very odd.

O'Cal. Isn't it?

Cha. You're from Ireland, I perceive.

O'Cal. Yes, sir.

Cha. Any business?

O'Cal. Why, I have taught the sciences.

Cha. In what branch?

O'Cal. Comparative anatomy. I've illustrated for the last six years, how a man, like a cameleon, may live upon air.

Cha. Well, I must say you look as if you had been running down hill.

O'Cal. Yes, sir; and as if I had been having my run on the side of the Andes, I've been running down hill for the last ten years, and divil take me if I can get to the bottom.

Cha. Well, if it's worth your while to stop here, I don't see why our agreement should be vitiated.

O'Cal. You don't!

Cha. If the twenty guineas will pay you for your delay we may as well retain our characters. I can continue my illness, and—

O'Cal. I can cure you, now I know your disease.

Cha. Then it's a bargain?

O'Cal. There's my hand.

Cha. Agreed; but I say, you must take care of one thing—our doctor; he'll be sure to call, and if he should talk to you—

O'Cal. He'll illustrate the Latin maxim—"Ex nihilo, nil fit."

Cha. Well, then, that point's settled. I shall maintain my acquaintance with my dearest Julia—

O'Cal. And I renew my acquaintance with a dinner table.

Cha. Ha! ha!—If you'd like to extend your practice, I can help you to a patient. Here's my aunt, Mrs. Montague, is rather poorly.

O'Cal. Who?

Cha. Mrs. Montague.

O'Cal. "That well-known name awakens all my woes!" May I ask if the lady comes from Yorkshire?

Cha. She does.

O' Cal. And her maiden name was—

Cha. Rivers.

O' Cal. [*Aside.*] By all the graces, it's herself!—here would be a meeting. I should be blown directly, lose my twenty pounds, and—

Riv. [*Outside.*] Betty, send John up the instant he comes in.

Cha. Eh!—here's my father coming.

O' Cal. Well, then, down with you and pretend to sleep. I must give the old fellow a taste of my ability.

[*Charles returns to the sofa and composes himself.*—

O' Callaghan takes a chair.

Enter RIVERS, L.

Riv. Well, sir, I've despatched the servant; and how is he now?

O' Cal. Observe!

Riv. Asleep!

O' Cal. Yes, sir, as tranquilly as when he rested on his mother's bosom.

Riv. I declare, so he is.

O' Cal. When he wakes, I've no doubt you'll see a great change in him.

Riv. Why, sir, you're a conjuror. I left him in agonies and he's now at rest, without the appearance of a throb; how did you effect this signal transition?

O' Cal. Why, sir, I don't like broaching the secret of our art, but if you really wish to know—

Riv. I have the greatest desire.

O' Cal. Well, then, sir, of course you've heard of the agency of *magnetism*.

Riv. Magnetism?

O' Cal. That fact in physics that when two people come together, who correspond in *temperament*, the one has the power to control the motions of the other.

Riv. I have heard of it.

O' Cal. Well, sir, seeing that your son's disorder was not of the common kind, I resolved to try its influence. I soon discovered that there was an *affinity* between us, and that it lay in my power to be of service to him. So, as we say, sir, I put myself in a "*state of agreement with*

him," and you see the result—his pain disappeared, his anxiety ceased.

Riv. And all this produced by—

O'Cal. A few passes of the hand, sir; did you never see the process? It's the simplest in the world—it's in this manner. [*Passes his hand over Rivers' face.*]

Riv. How very singular; then, if I understand you, you and my son are in a state of agreement?

O'Cal. Exactly so.

Riv. Which enables you to control all his movements—

O'Cal. Precisely.

Riv. How very wonderful!

O'Cal. If he was to move now, I'd give you proof of it. Eh! I think he's stirring—now observe, sir, by raising my hand in this manner, he extends his right arm, and by dropping it so, he lifts his left leg.

[*Charles obeys his directions.*]

Riv. Why, I can't believe my eyes.

O'Cal. Observe again, sir: by passing my hand in this way, I draw off the magnetic influence, and allow him to wake—then of course the pain returns, and he exhibits all the usual phenomena. [*Makes a few passes. Charles pretends to make turns, writhes, and at length howls.*]

Riv. I see, I see.

O'Cal. And, now, sir, to recompose him. [*Makes some more passes, and Charles sinks back again into sleep.*]

Riv. It's absolute magic.

O'Cal. And yet, sir, it's produced by nothing more than a motion that way, and another that.

[*First making passes at Rivers, and then telegraphing Charles.*]

Riv. This is a very wonderful man; I must know more about him. May I be allowed, sir, to ask the name of a gentleman so skilled in his profession?

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] My name—that's a puzzler. I can't say O'Callaghan, on Mrs. M.'s account.

Riv. If you've a card about you, I shall be most happy to receive it.

O'Cal. A card! why, really, sir, I'm afraid I—[*Feels in his pocket,*]—yes, here is a card, sure enough.—My fellow passenger's—and as luck will have it, he's a doctor. Ah, the very thing—there, sir.

Riv. "Dr. Banks, No. 15 Rue Victoire, Paris."

O'Cal. Yes, sir.

Riv. [*Aside.*] Can it be possible?—this is the *name* and the *address* of *Julia's* father.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] The old gentleman seems struck with me.

Riv. [*Aside.*] That unhappy man, who, for so many years, has been estranged from his family—

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] It's my card that tickles him; how lucky I had it.

Riv. [*Aside.*] He has returned to England, then, and, in this unlooked-for manner, found his way into my house.

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Please, sir, when would you like dinner?

Riv. Now, if it's ready.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Dinner! that sound rouses me like a trumpet.

Riv. Call Mrs. Montague.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] And that settles me like an avalanche.

[*Exit John, L.*]

Riv. Dr. Banks, I hope you've no engagement—you'll dine with us to-day?

O'Cal. Well, sir, I've no objection. I always like to eat at this time for a philosophical reason.

Riv. Indeed, what's that, pray?

O'Cal. Because, sir—"Nature abhors a vacuum."

Riv. [*Aside.*] He must not know his child is here, at least till I ascertain his sentiments—then who knows but I may be the means of bringing them together.

Enter MRS. MONTAGUE, R.

Mrs. M. Is it possible?—Charles fast asleep!

Riv. Yes, Lyddy, without pain or fever; we owe his ease, perhaps his life, to the singular skill of this gentleman. Allow me, sir, to introduce you to my sister, Mrs. Montague. [*Leading Mrs. M. forward—she recognizes him.*]

Mrs. M. Can it be?

Riv. Why, what's the matter?

Mrs. M. Support me—it's his spirit.

[*Sinks into a chair, R., screaming.*]

O'Cal. Don't be alarmed, sir—a touch of the *falling*

sickness, that's all—limbs weak, mind disordered, & sight wandering.

Mrs. M. Mr. O'Callaghan!

O'Cal. Exactly so. There's a symptom, sir!—takes me for some friend of her's. May I trouble you for a glass of water, whilst I operate upon the lady.

Riv. I'll fetch it directly—how very odd; is there an epidemic raging? [Exit, L.]

Mrs. M. Mr. O'Callaghan, what does this mean?

O'Cal. Mean, my angel! what should it mean, but—

Mrs. M. What brought you here, sir?

O'Cal. You, madam.

Mrs. M. I?

O'Cal. Of course, to speak to you, to look at you, to gaze upon that face once more, which for ten long years has been the one bright star amidst my darkness. I have dared all things.

Mrs. M. Is it possible?

O'Cal. It is truth, by all the pangs that I now feel here—*Lo, here.*

Re-enter RIVERS, with water, L.—BETTY comes from the back.

Riv. Here's the water, doctor.

O'Cal. That's not wanted.

Bet. Dinner's served, sir.

O'Cal. That is.

Riv. Is she restored?

O'Cal. Perfectly, sir.

Riv. And how did you effect it?

O'Cal. Oh, the old way, you know. [Makes passes.]

Riv. What a very wonderful man!

Cha. [Aside.] Why, what the deuce! has he been magnetising my aunt?

Riv. Well, doctor, will you give Mrs. M. your arm? Now, Betty, mind no one disturbs Charles—he's in a sweet sleep; and really, this person's talent is almost supernatural. [Exit, L.—O'Callaghan giving Mrs. M. his arm, is following. Charles rises from the sofa.]

Cha. I say, old fellow, it's all right.

O'Cal. Right!—by my soul, we're as right as a two

year-old fox on the floor of a henroost; come along, my angel.

[*Leads her out—drop descends.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Parlours of the Villa, same as Act I., elegant & furnished, opening at back upon a lawn—doors L. and R.*

Enter RIVERS, with JULIA, at door, L.

Riv. Now, Julia, we're alone, and I can make my disclosure. You observed that gentleman at table?

Jul. Yes, sir.

Riv. Did you feel any mysterious inclination to throw yourself upon his bosom.

Jul. Not I, indeed, sir.

Riv. Of course you recollect your *father*?

Jul. I regret to say, but imperfectly; you must remember he has been away ten years, and—

Riv. But you are sure of one thing, that he resides in Paris?

Jul. Quite sure, sir.

Riv. And you know even the street?

Jul. The Rue Victoire, No. 15.

Riv. Well, then, you may judge my feelings, when, on asking this stranger for his card, he put this into my hand.

[*Gives her the card.*]

Jul. Is it possible! Oh, let me fly to him!

Riv. Not so—that might ruin all; you know his character is proud and sensitive, and, labouring under the delusion that he does, he must be approached with caution. I know if I were abrupt with him, he'd instantly take fire. I must get him alone, lull his suspicions, rouse his sympathies. Eh, some one's coming—perhaps it's he; let us retire a moment, and prepare for the attempt.

[*Exit with Julia at back, L. & R.*]

CHARLES and O'CALLAGHAN come from L.

Cha. So you liked your dinner?

O'Cal. My dinner? my *banquet*, sir! Such soup, such fish, and wild fowl, I never saw upon table—and as for the claret, by my soul, when I drank it, I couldn't help wishing I had as many mouths as the Ganges.

Cha. But tell me what has passed; my father, you say, has no suspicions.

O'Cal. Suspicious!—he's as confiding as a sucking pig; he's so grateful for the good I've done to you, that he's resolved I shall sleep here to-night, in order to be near my patient.

Cha. Ha! ha!—how very kind of him!

O'Cal. Wasn't it; to reward his anxiety, I begged to withdraw and see how you were doing. Of course, I find you much better, but unable to leave home for a fortnight.

Cha. That, at the earliest.

O'Cal. Now, my dear friend, I must tell you, that there's only one chance of this little compact of ours being knocked on the head.

Cha. And what's that?

O'Cal. There's a lady here that I had the honour of knowing formerly.

Cha. You don't mean my aunt?

O'Cal. I do: and as she has requested an explanation, I suppose the best plan is to confess.

Cha. Not for the world—she's as scrupulous as an old maid, and as Julia is her friend, she'd tell my father instantly.

O'Cal. Oh!

Cha. You must satisfy her with some account.

O'Cal. But what if she is rather clever in *investigating* accounts?

Cha. Well, then, if nothing else will do, you must treat her as you have done my father—you must magnetise her.

O'Cal. Why, I have done that already.

Cha. Eh! why, I see her in the garden, evidently with a view of speaking to you. I'll leave you, then; but, for heaven's sake, be cautious! [*Exit through door, n.*]

O'Cal. Faith, Felix, my friend, I begin to think the tide's turning—I'm decidedly in luck at present; I'm housed here for to-night, and can go back to town with a sum in my pocket that will start a new enterprise; my only fear is, my old friend here, she who was once to have been

Mrs O'Callaghan. How odd our meeting, after ten years' separation. Of course, she forgets the past now—she has a husband, and though she was forced to marry him, she must like him by this time, for time, they say, endears all things; though I rather doubt that maxim, for I've known *poverty* for some years, and devil take me if time has endeared that.

Mrs. MONTAGUE *advances from the back, L. C.*

Mrs. M. Mr. O'Callaghan!

O'Cal. [*Turning.*] Mrs. Montague.

Mrs. M. At length we're alone, and of course you cannot wonder at my surprise. I really thought that you were dead.

O'Cal. Well, I don't say I've been living—I've been a sort of Dervise since we parted, a man who wanders and fasts.

Mrs. M. Then your present profession you adopted from necessity?

O'Cal. Yes, madam—absolute necessity, I assure you.

Mrs. M. Of course you're married?

O'Cal. Indeed I'm not—I'm still punishing the sex for your falsehood—I'm as free as air,—and as *empty*.

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow, then *he* has kept his word, if I have not.—I am to conclude, then, that you're aware of my present situation?

O'Cal. Oh, don't mention it—consider my feelings.

Mrs. M. You have heard that I'm a widow, and—

O'Cal. A what?

Mrs. M. A widow.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Pililoo, here's news!

Mrs. M. 'Tis now only six months since I have left off mourning.

O'Cal. To a *day*, madam. I have counted every hour of it.

Mrs. M. But you seem to be in sables still.

O'Cal. Yes, madam, I have worn black ever since that fatal morning which—

[*Sighs.*]

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] Was there ever such fidelity!

O'Cal. After I lost her in whom my soul was centered, what had I done, but buried the whole world.

Mrs. M. I heard that you had spent your fortune,—that you'd become very dissipated.

O'Cal. And can you wonder? what woult a man do to stifle his despair?

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow—how his attachment touches me?

O'Cal. Look at me, madam—this faded form! this sunken eye!—did you ever on the Coast of Cornwall see a greater wreck?—I woult afflict you with the story of my downfall. Suffice it, that since I lost you, I have passed through every stage of misery, from sunshine and champagne, to clouds and heavy wet.

Mrs. M. Well, then, to explain my visit here. I must tell you that the fortune I've been left—

O'Cal. Oh, don't speak of fortune, you know how I despise it.

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] His sentiments are as noble as ever—is an estate in Yorkshire, which, removing me from all society, I am anxious to exchange.

O'Cal. Oh, then you're in want of society, and you're troubled with an estate?

Mrs. M. Exactly so.

O'Cal. Well, then, my darling, how lucky is this meeting; for here am I, who can give you the one, and relieve you of the other.

Mrs. M. You're very kind, but my brother will do that.

O'Cal. Poh! poh! it's not a brother that you want, it's a husband.

Mrs. M. A husband!

O'Cal. Of course! don't you say you want to change your estate?

Mrs. M. Well, well: but you know what I mean.

O'Cal. To be sure I do—that you liked marriage so well, you wouldn't object to repeat the mixture. Well, then, here am I, properly done up, and ready to be taken.

Mrs. M. Now, you impudent man, you know very well that—

O'Cal. It's a fair exchange—to be sure it is. You want company, and you're troubled with fortune. I want fortune, and am troubled with company.

Mrs. M. Well, well, we'll speak of this at some other time.

O'Cal. Some other time!—would you tell a dying man

that you'll cure him some other time?—let me know my fate at once.

Mrs. M. No, no; when we go to town, you can write to me.

O'Cal. Write! Why write, when I can talk to you—when I can speak a dozen letters on the spot, and you can look back a whole post-office upon me.

[*Seizes her hand and kneels.*]

Mrs. M. But don't kneel, for heaven's sake.

O'Cal. I'll be as pious as a broken-kneed post-horse till I have my answer.

Mrs. M. But, but—there's some one coming.

O'Cal. I ask an answer.

Mrs. M. Consider, for heaven's sake!

O'Cal. An answer. [*Drawing her towards him.*]

Enter RIVERS from the Lawn.

Riv. Dr. Banks!

[*Mrs. M. screams and falls on O'Callaghan's shoulder—Rivers advances—O'Callaghan makes passes.*]

O'Cal. Another touch, sir.

Riv. What—of the falling sickness?

O'Cal. Exactly, sir. May I trouble you for a chair?

[*Rivers places one—Mrs. M. sinks into it.*]

Riv. Why, bless my soul, what a family I've got! Are you better, Lyddy?

Mrs. M. Yes, brother, a little better—and how provoking this intrusion?

O'Cal. You, see, sir, she's still disordered; however, if she'll only attend to my advice, I'll undertake she shall have no relapse.

Riv. Then pray do, Lyddy, oblige me by consenting.

O'Cal. Do, my dearest madam—you'll oblige both of us.

Mrs. M. I'm stronger now; if you'll allow me, I'll retire. [*To O'Callaghan.*] Oh, you bold man, what am I to say to you?

O'Cal. What, my darling! why, that you're mine in a week. [*Exit Mrs. M. through door, L.*]

Riv. Well, doctor, you seem to understand the widow's case?

O'Cal. Perfectly, sir; and I beg to say, I shan't leave her—till you've witnessed a change.

Riv. [*Aside.*] Why, his humanity is equal to his skill.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] A widow with a fortune! I'm a made man again.

Riv. [*Aside.*] Now, then, we're alone, and I can make my disclosure.—Well, doctor, Charles is so much recovered, he's actually strong enough to take a turn in the garden.

O'Cal. I'm glad to hear it, sir.

Riv. And if you're glad, sir, what must I be—what can I say to him who has bestowed on me this happiness?

O'Cal. Well, well, my dear sir, no more thanks; I really don't deserve them.

Riv. You deserve much more than thanks, sir, or the poor repayment of a fee. You must admit, that having done so much for my comfort, I should feel a little for yours.

O'Cal. Really, sir, I thank you, but—[*Aside.*]—What's coming now, I wonder—any more good luck?

Riv. As a friend, then, and anxious to display my gratitude, allow me to say, that I am acquainted with your unhappy history.

O'Cal. The devil you are!

Riv. I know the subject is painful—I feel its peculiar delicacy; but with a view to your happiness, allow me to refer to your wife and child.

O'Cal. My what, sir?

Riv. Your wife and child, sir!

O'Cal. Why, you're dreaming, sir!

Riv. That unhappy pair, who, for ten long years—

O'Cal. But this is moonshine—I am simply—

Riv. [*Producing his card.*] “*Dr. Banks, of 15 Rue Victoire, Paris.*”

O'Cal. Yes, sir.

Riv. And consequently, husband of my respected friend of Guildford-street, and father of her lovely and accomplished daughter.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Phew!

Riv. I'm not surprised at your language, because I know your sad impression, that your devoted wife is unworthy of your regard.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Here's a bog I've walked into!

Riv. But am I to suffer this delusion to continue, when I know her innocence—when I know how much she loves you, and would rejoice at your return?

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] What the devil am I to do?

Riv. You're silent, you're embarrassed. Think, sir, if your wife have erred, has she not atoned—has she not been punished by ten long years of suffering estrangement?

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] Well, I'm in for it, and on I must go.

Riv. Allow me, then, to hope that you'll respond to her desires, that you'll magnanimously consent to forget the past, and—[*O'Callaghan pulls out a handkerchief, and turns away, as though struggling with his feelings.*—Tears! Oh! that's a happy sign. Let them flow, sir; nature has no ice that defies a thaw. Let them flow on, sir, to assure me that— [*O'Callaghan, after another struggle, turns.*

O'Cal. Mr. Rivers—

Riv. Yes, sir.

O'Cal. You cannot wonder at my agitation?

Riv. Wonder, sir?

O'Cal. You cannot be surprised that your question has confused me.

Riv. Of course not; you didn't expect it would be put to you.

O'Cal. I own, sir, I did not.

Riv. In fact, how should you; you didn't know I was aware you had a family.

O'Cal. How the devil should I, sir—[*aside,*] when I didn't know it myself?

Riv. I feel it all, sir; but since—

O'Cal. Of course, sir, since it's been discovered—and since you say my wife is contrite for her conduct—conduct, sir, of which it is impossible for me to state to you the nature—

Riv. You will pardon and receive her?

O'Cal. [*After a sigh.*] It's my duty as a Christian!

Riv. Then, sir, I'm overjoyed to tell you, that she's on her road from London, and that your daughter is in the next room.

O'Cal. What, sir?

Riv. Yes, sir—waiting for your permission to approach you. Never had I greater happiness than in bringing her

O'Cal. But, Mr. Rivers—

Riv. No, no; I cannot suffer you to deny me. You've promised to receive her, and you shall.

[Exit through door, L.

O'Cal. The devil fly off with him! In the next room! By my soul, then, I'm settled within the next minute! I am ruined entirely, and all with good luck. An hour ago I hadn't a home for my head, or a friend to my back, and now I've got a family ready made to my hands. What's to be done? The girl, of course, must know her father; she will expose me on the spot, and—by my honour, she's coming. Oh, it's all up with me! here's my *old luck*! I'm a lost man! I'm ruined! I'm done for! I'm—

RIVERS leads in JULIA from door, L.

Jul. Is it possible!—my dear, dear father!

[Rushes into his arms.

O'Cal. [Aside.] It's all right, by Jupiter!

Riv. [Aside.] This scene repays me for all my efforts.

O'Cal. My beloved child, do we meet again?

Jul. The happiness is mutual, be assured.

O'Cal. Stop, let me gaze upon you. Oh, how like your mother.

Riv. [Aside.] A joy like this is too sacred to be intruded on. We want now but the mother to arrive, and the good will be complete.

[Exit through door, L.

O'Cal. My angel of a girl! But how much you're grown! really, you're so altered, I can scarcely recollect you.

Jul. Is it possible!

O'Cal. If I hadn't been told you were my child, I never should have known it.

Jul. And you, papa, seem very unlike what I expected, you look so much younger, and—

O'Cal. I do? But then, appearances, you know, are sometimes treacherous. You mustn't suppose I am exactly what I look.

Jul. Why, very true.

O'Cal. [Aside.] By my honour, she's a paragon; who wouldn't have a daughter?

Jul. [Aside.] And to suppose he was so cold and distant. Oh, how much they have been mistaken!

O'Cal. And it's ten years since we parted. Why, it seems but a day since I carried you in these arms, a smiling, lisping baby. Of course, you don't remember the *go-cart* I bought you?

Jul. No, papa, I don't.

O'Cal. Nor the *ivory ring*, when you were cutting your teeth?

Jul. Nor that either, strange to say.

O'Cal. [*Aside.*] 'Twould be stranger if you did.—Oh, when I look at you, what recollections rush on me. Do you remember the occasion, Mary, when—

Jul. Mary!—do you forget my *name*, papa!—it's Julia.

O'Cal. Julia—well, of course it is—did I say Mary?—I meant your mother.

Jul. But her name's Susan.

O'Cal. Yes—that's her real name, what she was christened with; but the fact is, when I said your mother, I was thinking of my mother.

Jul. Ah—how happy,—how surprised she'll be to meet you!

O'Cal. No doubt of it.

Jul. But, papa, you never asked after John.

O'Cal. John?

Jul. Yes, papa.

O'Cal. And who the devil's he?

Jul. Do you forget you have a son?

O'Cal. Why, what an unnatural villain I am; I really talk to you, my cherub, as if I were a *stranger*.

Jul. You know he's still with Mr. Jones?

O'Cal. Oh, he's still with Mr. Jones, is he?

Jul. And you've heard that Mr. Jones is removed to Clapham?

O'Cal. Clapham—I thought 'twas Tooting. And how's all his family?

Jul. His family! I never knew that he was married.

O'Cal. Wasn't he? [*Aside.*] I'm remembering *too much* here.

Jul. My mother will tell you all about his bankruptcy; but we'll not think of that: to see you once more, repays us for all losses.

O'Cal. It does, my child, it does.—By my soul, this affection's mighty pleasant. I wonder whether I shall be as

well off with her mother?—Julia, you cherub come to my arms!
[*Embrace! her again.*]

CHARLES *comes from R.*

Cha. Infamous girl!

Jul. Mr. Rivers!

Cha. And you, sir—villain that you are.

O'Cal. Villain, sir?

Jul. For heaven's sake, Charles, do you know who you speak to?

Cha. I speak to Miss Banks, who I believed to be one of the purest of her sex, and who I see reclining—

O'Cal. On the bosom of her father.

Cha. Her father?

O'Cal. Yes, sir.

Cha. Impossible!

O'Cal. Oh, of course, sir, though we were strangers till to-day. You know my history better than myself.

Cha. Julia, is this the truth?

Jul. It is, indeed, Charles—you see my long-estranged, but much-loved parent.

Cha. Why, I'm amazed.

O'Cal. At what, sir? that the young lady knows her father?

Cha. I could not have supposed.

O'Cal. But you hear, sir—and now, sir, may I ask how I have deserved the name of villain?

Cha. Why, sir, I confess that I was hasty.

O'Cal. Hasty, sir! you break in upon the sacred privacy of a parent and his child. You interrupt the first sweet thrill that I have known for ten long years.

Cha. But you'll make some allowance for my ignorance?

O'Cal. Your ignorance! I thought, sir, you belonged to Cambridge?

Jul. Dearest father, don't be angry with him.

O'Cal. Well, my child, for your sake, I will not. Mr Rivers, though you've chosen to apply to me a most opprobrious term, I'll shew you that it is not in my nature to revenge. I believe, sir, that you love my daughter.

Cha. Dearer than my life.

O'Cal. And it would make you happy if you could gain my approbation?

Cha. Beyond expression, sir.

O'Cal. Be happy, then. There, sir.

[He hands her over to him.]

Cha. Is it possible!

O'Cal. Take her, and may heaven bless you both.

Cha. I want words, sir, to express—

O'Cal. *[Aside.]* Now, that's what I call *magnanimity*!

Cha. Ah, Julia—what happiness!

Jul. And now, Charles, I suppose you'll not object if I embrace my father?

O'Cal. My darling child.

[She flies to him, L. C. He clasps her again.]

MRS. MONTAGUE comes from L.

Mrs. M. It is true, then?

O'Cal. *Mrs. M.*—Oh! murder! *[Mrs. M. advances, L.]*

Mrs. M. The monster, to deceive me so!

Jul. Dear Lydia, congratulate me; allow me to make you known to one who—

Mrs. M. You may spare yourself the trouble, Julia: I have met that gentleman before.

Jul. Indeed!

Mrs. M. But 'tis some years since, and—

O'Cal. *[Aside.]* Now I'm deeper in the mud than ever

Jul. And wont you welcome him?—do, I implore you—do, for my mother's sake.

Mrs. M. Your mother's sake, indeed!

Jul. *[Aside.]* Charles, what can be the cause of this?—something must have happened.

Cha. I think we had better leave them, love. Hang this fellow—I begin to have a strange misgiving. I must observe—

[Leads Julia out at back, C.]

Mrs. M. So, Dr. Banks—for that, I understand, is your real name—it seems that you're married, sir—married!

O'Cal. My dearest Lydia!

Mrs. M. Lydia?—how dare you, sir, address me by that name? How dare you speak, or even look at me, after the deceit you have practised?—married!

O'Cal. Well, but if you'll hear me—

Mrs. M. Not a word, sir. I came to tell you that, had you been, as I supposed, a free and honourable man, I was

prepared, sir, to offer you my fortune with an unchanged affection. As it is—

O'Cal. Here's a tornado. I tell you, you're deceived and if you'll allow me to explain—

Mrs. M. Well, sir, what have you to explain?

O'Cal. Why, in the first place, then, my angel, that—
[*Bell rings violently outside.*]

JULIA runs in, followed by RIVERS, L.

Jul. Dearest father, my mother has arrived.

O'Cal. Oh, be easy.

Mrs. M. [*Aside to O'Cal.*] Now, sir, what have you to say?

Riv. [*Looking off, L.*] It is your wife, doctor, I can see her.

Mrs. M. Profligate man, farewell, forever!

[*Exit through door, R. C. O'Callaghan paces the room—
—they follow him.*]

O'Cal. Ten thousand devils!—there goes a home and a thousand a-year!

Riv. I can interpret this emotion. Your happiness at your wife's arrival is too great, it overpowers you.

O'Cal. Yes, sir—'tis enough to be the death of me.

Riv. Well, then, instead of your immediate meeting, what if I break the news to her, and give you time on both sides to prepare?

O'Cal. Far better, sir, far better—for if as you see, sir I can't express what I feel to you—

Riv. Exactly so.

O'Cal. What the devil could I say to her?

Riv. Well, then, doctor, if you'll wait a little, I and Julia will come to you when all's prepared. Now, courage, my dear sir, courage—all your miseries will soon be over.

[*Goes off with Julia at back, C.*]

O'Cal. Yes, over my head, and down they'll be coming. If my angel has left the house without an explanation, devil a glimpse will I ever get of her again. Here's my old luck, as I'm a sinner. At the moment that I thought the storm was past, that the road was all smooth, and my team in good order, out comes my linchpin, and over I go again.

CHARLES comes from R. C.

Cha. So, sir, my aunt tells me that your name was formerly Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Well, sir, and if it were?

Cha. Then, by what authority did you give my father the card of Dr. Banks?

O'Cal. By the highest authority—'twas the only one I'd got.

Cha. But if you took his name, sir, you had no right to embrace his daughter as you did.

O'Cal. No right, when I hadn't seen her for ten years—wasn't I forced to be affectionate to keep up the illusion?

Cha. But you were not forced to kiss her, sir.

O'Cal. And do you grumble at that? I kissed the girl solely to serve *you*—and this is your gratitude!

Cha. Gratitude, indeed!—however, it's all over now. By taking this doctor's name, you've ruined all. Here's his wife arrived—she must know you, if Julia didn't, so the result will be that we shall be both exposed and turned out of the house.

JOHN runs in from garden, c.

John. I beg pardon, sir—but here's an old gentleman been knocked down by the London coach, so I told them to bring him to you. [Goes out again.]

O'Cal. What's that?

Cha. Ha! ha!—now, I say, old fellow, you've got a job in earnest. [Exit through door, L.]

O'Cal. Well, now, I suppose things have come to a climax—what with a man who wants a surgeon, and a woman who wants a husband, I wonder which party I'm most likely to satisfy. What's to be done?—I see but one way—to run to the inn, write a letter to Lydia, and explain everything. I will, I won't delay a moment—I'll run every step, and— [Going out at back.]

JOHN and ROBIN enter, supporting DR. BANKS, L. C.

Dr. Banks, by all that's marvellous!

Dr. B. Is it possible! my fellow passenger?

[They place him in a chair.]

O'Cal. What's the matter, sir—is your neck broke?

Dr. B. No, thank heaven—nothing broken.

O'Cal. You're quite sure of that, you're quite positive you don't want a surgeon?

Dr. B. Quite so.

O'Cal. My dear sir, how *pleased* I am to hear it. I *oh* you may leave us. [*Exeunt Servants, L. c.*] And now, sir, that the fright is over, I dare say you are surprised to see me here?

Dr. B. I am, indeed, sir; but not less gratified, since it may be in your power to do me the greatest service.

O'Cal. Indeed! then I beg you'll name it, and have no modesty.

Dr. B. You're aware, perhaps, I have a daughter in this house, who has been parted from me many years—

O'Cal. I have heard so.

Dr. B. To learn if she will go back with me to France, has brought me to this country. This I know can only be accomplished by a private meeting—and this meeting, perhaps, it's in your power to obtain.

O'Cal. But what if it's not, sir—wouldn't your *wife* do as well?

Dr. B. My wife—no, sir; she is a person I can never look upon again.

O'Cal. Well, sir, of course, I can't refuse you—but as the way to manage it must be considered, perhaps, for the present, you'll enter this room.

Dr. B. This room?

O'Cal. There you'll not be interrupted, and—

Dr. B. I may rest, then, on your friendship?

O'Cal. You may, sir, and in the mean time you can rest on that sofa. [*Dr. Banks enters room, R.*] A thought strikes me—here's this man and woman that have been parted for ten years, now only parted by ten paces; estranged, perhaps, the whole while for want of explanation. Isn't it my duty, then, to bring them together, and give them a chance of confessing their folly—it is; but stop, what if, when brought together, my philanthropic wish should be defeated? What, if these bodies, like a couple in chemistry, having exhausted their attraction, should exhibit repulsion? Why, then, I'll lock the door till the ferment is over, and see if I can't produce a new combination.

Enter RIVERS from L. C.

Riv. Joy, doctor, joy! I've discharged my task. I've disclosed all to your wife, and she waits to approach you in a tumult of happiness.

O'Cal. She does?

Riv. You have only to go to her, and—

O'Cal. Why, upon reflection, I think not, sir.

Riv. No—I hope you don't waver?

O'Cal. Not I, sir; if you'll be kind enough to step for Mrs. Banks. In that room *she'll find her husband.*

Riv. Never did I deliver a more welcome message.

[Exit through door, L. C.]

O'Cal. Now, then, to use the language of history, I perceive the approach of a domestic convulsion. There'll be as fine a fight in that room presently, as the renowned encounter between the lion Nero and the dog Billy—where shall I go to witness it? Eh, that sofa!—the very thing. They're coming—but stop, I'll first give my friend a hint. *[Opens the door, R., and speaks in a low voice.]* Now, sir, prepare yourself, the lady is approaching. *[Retreats, L.]*

RIVERS comes from C., supporting MRS. BANKS, whose head is on his shoulder.

Riv. Now, courage—courage, my dear madam, a few steps more, and you are there. You must remember, you do not go to him with any doubt; he is anxious to meet you, anxious to fold you to his bosom, and banish every difference. *[She pauses a moment, then enters room, R.—he closes the door and listens.]* Now for their meeting. There's the window that opens on the lawn—capital. I'll step round there, and witness all that passes. *[Exit at back, R. C.]* *O'Callaghan comes from behind the sofa, L.*

O'Cal. All silent still—what a pause before a battle! I'm dying with desire to hear the first gun.

[Dr. and Mrs. Banks heard within.]

Dr. B. Susan!

Mrs. B. John!

Dr. B. Traitoress, let me go.

O'Cal. By my soul, it's beginning; I'm just in time.

[Turns the key in the door—Dr. Banks kicks at it—

Mrs. Banks screams.]

Dr. B. Open the door, sir ; let me out.

O'Cal. Let you out ?—not I, sir ; don't I know you're a madman, that's not fit to be trusted, and an't you now safe enough in the arms of your keeper ?

Dr. B. Open the door, sir, or I'll take the law.

O'Cal. The law, sir ; do you know what says the law ? That you shall live with your wife, like a good, decent man, and not leave her to live with herself and the devil. I stand here, sir, as the embodied genius of the law, as the voice of the immortal Coke and the illustrious Lyttleton, which says on this point, that a wife being flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone, becomes *bony fide* a part of your body ; which part to cut off is a capital crime, and subject to judgment ! “ *Cum ropi suspendo.*” [*Pauses and listens.*] That's settled him—he'll not be in a hurry to talk of the law again. They're silent—awfully silent. A thought strikes me—what if this old maniac should have strangled her with the bell-rope, and escaped up the chimney ! By my soul, I must look. [*Places a chair on sofa, mounts it, and looks through a fanlight.*] It's all right !—there she is, in a chair, rocking, ten miles an hour, and he, fixed as fate, looking ready to eat her. What's coming now, I wonder ? On the next minute hangs my destiny—stop, he asks a question, she sobs an answer—that's the course of inquiry. Now he begins to walk, and she begins to bellow—that's the course of nature. After the thunder, we're sure to have rain. Now she begins to speak, and he begins to cool—that's a good sign. She asks a question, and he's forced to answer it. Better and better. She can only sob—he's compelled to soothe. Go on, my darlings. He says something kind,—she looks delighted. By the powers—it's coming ; he opens his arms, she rushes into them. Pililoo !—it's all right, by Jupiter. [*Waves his handkerchief.*]

Enter RIVERS, followed by CHARLES JULIA, and MRS. MONTAGUE, C.

Riv. What do I see ?

O'Cal. Tho human mind, sir, in its finest aspect, sympathising with the happiness of others.

Riv. Then, who's in that room with Mrs. Banks ?

O'Cal. Who should it be, sir, but he who has a right to be, her husband.

Riv. Which you are not, sir?

O'Cal. No, sir, but merely his friend, who entertained the wish that you did, to see his misery put an end to.

Riv. But, but—how did he get in there?

O'Cal. My dear sir, what can it matter how he got there, if he has a right to *stay* there?

[*Rivers goes to the door and opens it.*]

Riv. Yes, Julia, there is indeed your father, by your mother's side. [*Julia enters room, R., followed by Rivers and Charles.*]

O'Cal. And now, my darling, what do you say?

Mrs. M. What can I say.

O'Cal. Am I the monster you thought me just now?

Mrs. M. You are, but certainly a classic one, for you're a sphinx; there's no understanding you.

O'Cal. And yet, if 'twas necessity caused my deceptions, will you refuse me the means of my deceiving no longer?

Mrs. M. Not if I was sure of your sincerity—but ought I to trust you?

O'Cal. You ought, my darling—for nobody else will.

Mrs. M. Can you blame me if I doubt?

O'Cal. Of course not; but you should imitate the law courts, and give your doubt in favour of the criminal.

[*She gives him her hand.*]

DR. BANKS, JULIA, MRS. BANKS, RIVERS, and CHARLES
come from R.

Dr. B. Mr. O'Callaghan, in my present happy feelings, I can't be angry at your stratagem, but pray explain to me by what means you—

O'Cal. My dear sir, if I have been so fortunate as to restore your peace of mind, never mind the means. To explain would only confuse me, and, and—

Dr. B. Tell me, then, what return I can offer?

O'Cal. Why, sir; if you're anxious to be even with me, here's my friend, Mr. Charles Rivers, is attached to this young lady, and if, now you've got back a wife, you've no objection to part with a daughter—

Dr. B. I can have none, sir, if Mr. Rivers has not

Riv. I?—certainly not. I wish, however, to ask you one question. [*Dr. and Mrs. Banks turn away with Charles and Julia.*] In getting your friend here, pray, how did you contrive to blind his suspicions?

O'Cal. How, sir? Why, you know my magnetic influence. [*Makes passes with his hands.*]

Riv. Oh, that way—that's enough.

[*Turns away to the party—Charles advances.*]

Cha. Well, old fellow, I find you're a trump after all—but, I say, I should like to know how you've contrived to do the old woman so nicely.

O'Cal. How?—why, in the way I did *you*.

[*Makes passes, then telegraphs.*]

Cha. Oh! I'm satisfied.

[*Turns to Julia.*]

O'Cal. But *I'm* not satisfied unless the experiments I have made this evening meet with other's approbation—unless, now the tide has turned with me, and I am restored to fortune, that fortune is enhanced by a permission to try my influence on some of the fair and kindly looks I see before me.

[*Makes passes at the audience.*]

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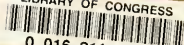
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